

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1808.

[NO. 40.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

The choice of Hercules.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affection in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or

peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense, with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed the young hero in a very different manner;—"Hercules," says she, "I offer my self to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it: in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which

I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up anguish, torment and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger or thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, by being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

Tatler.

The character of a person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES OF A
YOUNG MUSICIAN.

JEAN-BAPTISTE RAISIN, a native of Troyes in the province Champagne, and by profession an organist, was burdened with a numerous family, besides a coquettish, extravagant wife, whose want of economy had brought him into distressed circumstances, tho' himself prudent and economic, and possessing considerable abilities in this art. Necessity whetting his industry, he carefully instructed his children in music. Among the number was one who shewed remarkable aptness and capacity: it was the youngest, a boy, whom at the early age of three years he already taught to touch the harpsichord; and the tiny performer made a very rapid progress within a few months.

Astonished at the application and success of young Raisin, his father now conceived the project of giving a different complexion to his future fortune. He built his chief hopes on that child; nor was he disappointed in his expectations.

The organist first contrived a spinette of novel construction. It was furnished with three sets of keys, was about three feet in length, and fifty-two inches in breadth. The belly was double the usual size, for a reason which will appear in the sequel of the story.

When the artist had completed his contrivance he quitted his native place, and repaired to Paris with his wife and children having taken good care not to forget his new-invented spinette. Having presented himself at the office of the police, he declared his intention of giving to the public a most curious and extraordinary exhibition, and readily obtained permission to perform at the fair of Saint-Germain.

To fix the attention of a fickle public, it frequently becomes necessary to call in the aid of the marvellous, and sometimes of a little innocent deception. Jean-Baptiste printed and circulated hand-bills, in which he promised that his wonderful instrument should, on his pronouncing certain words, play any tunes that were called for.

His first exhibition attracted an audience so numerous as far to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the musician. His second was still more encouraging; and his astonishing spinette was considered as a prodigy of mechanism. Its fame rapidly spread through the extensive capital; and people eagerly flocked from all quarters to hear, admire, and applaud.

In the first place, the eldest of Raisin's children, a boy not exceeding the age of five years and a half, sat down with his sister Babet, and his father—each to his own range of keys—and the three musicians together played a concert in the presence of the public. When the piece was finished, they raised their hands above their heads; when another row of keys, moving without hands, repeated the whole symphony from beginning to end, and with a degree of correctness and melody which astonished and delighted the audience.

The better to mislead his audience, the cunning and ingenious organist had recourse to a most excellent stratagem, which deceived the most knowing among them, and puzzled the very best instrument-makers in the whole city. After the prelude above described, he pretended to wind up his famous machine, which he did by turning a denticulated wheel that made a most

dreadful noise. He appeared to labour very hard at the winch: and the late pleasure of the company was succeeded by sensations of a terrific kind; for, the sounds produced by this manœuvre were so grating and frightful, that one would have suspected a chorus of demons to lie concealed in the womb of his magical spinette.

'Poh!' said many persons present, 'there's no such mighty conjuration in the business: 'tis only a simple foolish contrivance; nothing more than a barrel-organ, with some weights or springs to turn the barrel.'

Such was the very idea which the organist wished to encourage, and in which he triumphed. For, suddenly calling away his two children from the instrument, and addressing it in an authoritative tone, 'Spinette!' he cried, 'play such a tune;' when immediately the obedient spinette paid punctual attention to his command, and performed the peice that had been called for. Again he said, 'Spinette, be silent!' and the spinette ceased to play. 'Spinette, go on;' and the spinette, began anew. 'Spinette, give us a light flourish;' and the spinette poured forth frolic sounds of sportive melody, which wafted delight and rapture to the hearts of all the audience.

Naturally struck with just surprise, and no less delighted, the company alternately started at the instrument and at each other, exclaiming. Astonishing! The fellow must certainly be a magician!

Although the supposed magician understood as little of the black art as any one of his auditors, he collected in less than five weeks above twenty thousand crowns, which now enabled him to live in comfort, and compensated for the poverty and distress which he had before suffered.

Mean while the fame of the magical spinette and of his contriver hourly increased, till at length it reached the ears of the reigning monarch, who wished to see the organist and his instrument, and to regale the queen and the whole court with a specimen of his performance. The musician accordingly repaired to Versailles, resolved to exert every effort to support his lately-acquired reputation. Military marches, tender airs, complex pieces of the best composers, were well executed by the two children, but still more excellently by the invisible performer.

But the organist, too punctually observant of his usual trick, and not reflecting, that on a change of scene; he ought also to have changed his plan; took care as usual to set his great wheel in motion. The hideous noise with which it filled the royal apartments was so dreadfully grating to the delicate ears of her majesty and the attending ladies, that they shuddered at the din. The queen in particular, more affected than the others, immediately ordered him to open the instrument, and discover what it contained.

The disconcerted musician at first declined obeying, under pretence that he had lost the key. 'Well,' said the king, 'can't somebody break it open?' Hereupon, Raisin seized with terror, stammered out some apology, but was forced to comply with the royal will.

When the interior of the spinette was exposed to view, how great the astonishment of all present, to behold a little puppet concealed in the hollow of the instrument, and seated before a row of keys contrived within side! This discovery explained the mystery of this magical performance which had tortured the sagacity of so many persons in vain attempts to account for it.

The poor little prisoner was speedily released from his confinement, where he was by this time nearly suffocated, having remained much longer shut up than usual in that close box where the air had no circulation. He was moreover quite terrified by the adventure, and ready to faint with terror; but he was gradually revived by the application of the ladies' smelling-bottles.

When the young musician had perfectly recovered from the effects of his confinement and fright, he singly performed for the entertainment of their majesties and the court. While his elder brother beat time, he touched the keys, and played to the entire satisfaction of all present. He was loaded with well-merited encomiums; and such a shower of sweet-meats and louis-d'ors was poured around him, that he and his father were together scarcely able to pick them up.

Finding that the discovery of his secret had not produced an effect so adverse to the success of his projects as he had apprehended, the organist conceived new hopes of yet being able to gain a few more thousands of crowns by means of his little performer and his spinette. He therefore made his appearance again at the fair of Saint-Germain in the following year: he distributed new hand bills, in which he set forth the brilliant success which he had experienced at court, and concluded by promising a disclosure of his secret.

He accordingly made the disclosure, amid the reiterated applauses of the public, whose admiration was equally excited by the ingenious industry of the father, and by the extraordinary talents of his children. With unsatisfied curiosity every eye gazed on the youthful performers, but more particularly on the youngest, who, though scarcely exceeding in dimensions a large sized doll, executed pieces of music equally elegant as difficult. The ladies fondled and caressed him; and each mother wished to possess a child so pretty and engaging, and who already displayed such talents and abilities at so tender an age.

In many cases, drinking increases thirst; the thirst of money in vulgar souls, is inflamed by the acquisition; and they seldom are satisfied. Such was the temper of Jean-Baptiste-Raisin. He now had it in his power to rear his family with decency, and to place himself in a respectable situation, to pass the remainder of his life in comfort and ease, since he was already possessed of above a hundred thousand livres, which his youngest child had enabled him to acquire in less than fifteen months. But he knew not how to set bounds to his avaricious desires, and suffered himself to be urged on by the lust of accumulation.

Founding his greedy calculations on the avidity of mankind in general for pleasure and amusement, and daily discovering in his children an increasing aptitude correspondent to the culture which he bestowed on them, the organist felt no shame or scruple to convert them into a company of actors. They soon became qualified for that new profession, and the youngest particularly distinguished himself in it as much as he had already done in music.

Among the pieces which the young company performed, there was one which afforded considerable diversion to the mob, by whom it was very much admired. It was a kind of farce, called, 'The Live Pudding.' The youngest of the organist's children, who acted the chief part in it, played such a number of arch laughable tricks, that

the crowd, burned with insatiable curiosity to see and hear him.

The little comedian was slim and supple as an eel: which circumstance suggested to his ingenious father the extraordinary idea of encasing him from head to foot in a sheath of light black silk, and giving him the shape and appearance of a large black-pudding, which was served up in a dish at a feast that took place about the conclusion of the third act. The other performers, seated round the table, showed themselves well provided with a good appetite, and heartily did honour to the banquet. After having plentifully eaten of the other dishes, one of the party attacked the black-pudding, cut off several slices from one end, and helped the rest of the company.

After these preliminaries, another of the party proposed to cut the pudding into two halves, which proposition being immediately approved by all present, he set his knife on the middle of it—when, lo! a miracle was performed: the pudding uttered a shrill piercing shriek: the feasters turned pale, trembled, and started at each other with every demonstration of astonishment. While they sat amazed, the pudding began to move, rolled itself over the plates and dishes, fell to the ground, and was soon converted into a young sucking pig, which ran up and down the stage, biting the legs of every person who came in its way.

“Egad, gentlemen!” cries one of the company trembling all the while, “we are no better than arrant fools and cowards. After all, ’tis only a little pig. We have nothing to do but to attack him, and put him on the spit: he will make a nice savory morsel: let us roast and eat him.”

So saying he advanced one step, and recoiled two. He advanced again; but, at the moment he was stooping and stretching out his hand to catch the pigling by the tail, a new metamorphosis took place: the pigling was transformed into a little devil, whose countenance was black and hideous, and whose head was ornamented with a large pair of horns. At his side he wore a catlass which he suddenly drew from the scabbard, and, running about the stage, inflicted repeated blows on the black-pudding-eaters, who, seized with terror tumbled all together in a heap, begging ten thousand pardons of the little devil.

On a certain occasion, one of the young actors exceeding the part allotted to him, concealed under his coat a very sharp iron skewer, which he suddenly drew forth at the moment when he was pursued by the little devil, and, putting himself into a posture of defence, made several violent thrusts at him. But the comedy was now converted into tragedy; for, in the violence of his action, he twice plunged the skewer into the body of his opponent, and mortally wounded him.

“Oh!” cried the poor little sufferer, “I am undone.” He was instantly carried off: every possible assistance was procured for him; but, alas! every effort to save him proved ineffectual. He died the next morning; and his last words were, “I am not angry with him: he did not intend to hurt me: but, oh! what will become of my poor sister? Here his voice failed him; and the extraordinary child expired in the sixth year of his age, deservedly admired and beloved by all who knew him.

Nor was this the whole of the calamity: for at the moment when the sad accident happened, his sister, seeing her brother fall mortally wound-

ed, received so violent a shock that she immediately fainted away. On recovering her senses, the affectionate child abandoned herself to lamentations and tears: her grief would admit no consolation: she incessantly repeated her brother's name: by degrees her intellect was impaired; and she died delirious at the age of thirteen years and a half.

Aurora.

AURORA was complaining to the gods, that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those, who loudest sang her praises. “Do not grieve about thy lot (said the goddess of Wisdom) is it not the same with me? and then (continued she) look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying body and mind; and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee: all the Flowers awake and cloth themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcome thee, and seem wholly intent on varied arts to charm thy transient presence. The laborious peasant and the industrious sage never disappoint thee; they quaff from the cup thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubly pleased that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing, that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation, is the highest prize of love among gods and men.

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune, who equals her in beauty and innocence.

The Vine.

On the day of their creation the trees boasted one to another of their excellence. “Me the Lord planted,” said the lofty Cedar. “strength, fragrance, and longevity he bestowed on me.” “The goodness of Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing,” said the shadowy Palm; “utility and beauty he united in my form.” The apple Tree said, “like a bridegroom among youths, I glow in my beauty amid the trees of the grove.” The Myrtle said, “like the rose among briars, so am I amid others shrubs.” Thus all boasted, the Olive, the Fig Tree, and even the Fir. The Vine alone drooped silent to the ground. “To me,” thought he, “every thing has been refused; I have neither stem, nor branches, nor flowers;—but such as I am, I will hope and wait.” He bent down his shoots and wept. Nor had he long to wait, for behold the divinity of earth, Man, drew nigh. He saw the feeble, helpless plant, trailing its honours along the soil. In pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots, and twined the feeble plant about his own bower; and now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils, and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice, the repast and the drink of gods and of men. Decked with its rich clusters, the Vine now leaped towards its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit and juicy beverage, and named the Vine his friend, his grateful favourite! Then the proud

trees envied the vine; for behold they stood barren and neglected; but he rejoiced in his humble growth and his persevering patience; and still his juice enliveneth the heart of the sad, lifts the sinking courage and inspires to perseverance and exertion. Despair not, ye forsaken; hear, wait, and strive. From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices; from the bending Vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

Friendship

Not only allows the privilege of communicating our inmost thoughts, and of acknowledging the honest pride we feel from the exercise of any moral virtue; but it is a breach of that noble intercourse to conceal even our faults or foibles.—Real friendship, like true love, is understood by very few; yet common in the mouths of every one. It can only be conceived by minds capable of the most refined and disinterested sentiments.

“Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy;”

And this makes friends “such rarities below.”

I think that persons of different sexes, who, with a tolerable understanding, have had a sincere affection for each other, are most likely to be capable of real friendship; for even the remains of love will create a gentleness in our manners, and complacency of behaviour; the want of which, is too often the cause and bane of common friendships.

SWEETS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

A person who among the methodists is called an *obliging preacher*, addressing himself to his female hearers, observed to them, that the heavenly Canaan was a land flowing with *tea and sugar*.

MARRIED

At New York, Mr. Gad Taylor, merchant, to Miss Susan Kneeland, daughter of Seth R. Kneeland, Mr. John S. Wallace, to Miss Catherine Garniss. Mr. William Kerr, to Miss Ann Gibbons. Mr. George de Grasse to Miss Mary Sleigh. In Chelsea, Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, minister of that place to Miss Sarah Cary, daughter of Samuel Cary, Esq. In Salem, Capt. K. Wellman, to Miss Ursula Maxey Draper. Mr. Nathaniel Crafts, to Miss Ann Burrill. In Newburyport, Capt. Matthew P. Dole, to Miss Ann Rowe. Mr. Fitzwilliam Burbank, of Bradford, to Miss Lucy Moody of Haverhill.

The Rev. James Cook, minister of the Gospel, aged 60 years, to the amiable and much esteemed Miss Rebecca Chambers, aged 16 years, all of Cecil county Maryland.

DIED

In Savannah Mr. Wm. Mrs. Mary and Miss Ann Ulmer; they died about the same time, but their relationship is not stated. In Charleston, Mrs. Martha, wife of Gen. Thomas Moore. In Washington, (N. C.) Wm. Kevis, Esq. Collector of the Port. In Raleigh, Mrs. Pherebe Hall. In Alexandria (Virg.) Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. Thomas Patten, formerly of Boston. In Baltimore, Mr. Spencer Cook, Et. 31, youngest son of the late Capt. Joseph Cook of Northampton; he lost his life in endeavoring to secure that of others. In Philadelphia, during the week ending the 5th Nov. 34; viz: 20 adults, 6 children; of consumption 7, small pox three! drunkenness 1. In New-York, during the week ending the 5th inst. 6 men, 11 women, 7 boys, and 8 girls; of consumption 7, convulsions 3, small pox two! In Boston, Mr. Caleb Coolidge. Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Wm. Tilton Et. 37. In Newbury, Mrs. Flood. In Newburyport, Capt. R. Greenleaf. The number of Deaths in Portland during the month of Oct. were:—2 adults, 3 children—2 still born.

Selected Poetry.

We have been charmed with many beauties in the volumes of Mrs. Steele; and should we venture to select any, it would be the following stanzas from her MESSIAH, which though an ode, and widely different in other respects from Pope's, may, we think, justly bear a comparison with that long admired eclogue: Taking from Isaiah the beautiful prophecy of the healing power of the Saviour, as if inspired by the same Deity, she exclaims,

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

"SEE the eyelids of the blind
Open to the heavenly ray!
See the prospect bright and new,
Rise to the astonish'd view.
Boundless wonder fills the mind,
All is transport! all is day.

The hapless ear, of social bliss unknowing,
Receives the music of his healing voice:
Celestial harmony, soft, sweetly flowing,
Bids charm'd attention listen and rejoice.

See the helpless cripple rise,
Bounding like the mountain roe!

If nature's Lord
Pronounce the word,
New strength that word supplies.

Life's active flame,
Informs the frame,

And bids each nerve with native vigor glow.

The tongue that never could reveal
Heart-felt woe, or pleasure tell,
Held in the chains of mournful silence long;
Now busts the chains at his command,
Aloud proclaims Messiah's hand,
And raptur'd joins the universal song."

The following translation of the beautiful passage of Catullus, *Ut flos septis secretis nascitur hortis*, &c. is from the Port-Folio.

Like some fair flower, within a garden born,
By herds unseen, by no rude ploughshare torn,
Which zephyrs fan, the sun's mild rays endue,
With sweets untasted, and with varied hue,
While vernal showers and summer rains but serve
To deck with vigour and its strength preserve;
It breathes its fragrance round by all admir'd;
By virgins sought for and by swains desir'd;
Torn from its stem, its sweets, alas, are flown,
It falls forgotten and expires unknown.
So the chaste maid who uncorrupt remains,
In love still triumphs and with virtue reigns;
But should she, hapless, that fair flower neglect,
Nor be with virtue as with beauty deck'd,
How far she falls! alas, no more to rise,
The swains neglect her, and her sex despise.

ASTOLPHO.

Epigram

On a left-handed Writing Master.

Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left.

Books & Stationary.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE, & BLISS,

Booksellers & Stationers,

No. 8, State-Street, near the Exchange Coffee-House;

KEEP constantly for sale, a general assortment of Books in the various Departments of Literature, which they offer for sale on as liberal Terms as can be had in Boston. Bibles from 5s.3d. to 20 dolls. Watts's Psalms and Hymns of various editions; Testaments, Psalters, and School Books of every description. Blank Account Books of various qualities, sizes and prices: Also, a general assortment of Printing, Writing and letter paper of various qualities: Quills, Ink-Powder, Ink, Ink-Stands, Sand Boxes, Black and Red Pencils; Slates and Slate Pencils: Playing, Message, and Compliment Cards, Penknives, Scissors, Razors, and Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes and Soap; Portable Writing Desks; Cigars, wholesale, and retail, with a great variety of other articles, too numerous to be particularised.

Said H. E. & B. have impressed the following valuable publications. The Miscellaneous Classics, comprising the entire Works of Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding. Also, the Columbian Orthographer; or, Maine Spelling Book, by James Pike. Watts's Psalms and Hymns in miniature; likewise, Rollins Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians.—Just published, Doddridge's Family Expositor, vol. octavo. It is contemplated by the Publishers to republish all the Works of this celebrated Writer.

Orders for any of the above Works, will be particularly attended to.

PRINTING and BOOKBINDING executed in the neatest manner.

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INFORMS the public, that he has opened a CIRCULATING LIBRARY, of 3000 volumes, in every branch of literature: He solicits the patronage of his friends, and assures them that every attention will be paid in procuring new and valuable publications.

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3. From one to four duodecimo, or two octavo volumes very subscriber will be at liberty to take out of the library at one time, who pays two dollars a quarter.
4. Nonsubscribers to pay by the volume—for each duodecimo or smaller volume, eight cents per week;—larger books in the same proportion.
5. A book returned, that has been out over a week, will be charged as if detained two weeks, and so on.
6. Books not returned within six weeks after they are taken out, must be paid for, with the remainder of the volumes, if they belong to a set.
7. All books lost or injured, must be paid for.

Just received, a new and very interesting novel founded on fact, called Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia; also, Wild Irish Boy.

Portsmouth, Nov. 12.

REMOVAL.

Judkins & Senter,

INFORM their friends and customers that they have removed to the corner of Broad and Pleasant Streets, where they have on hand a variety of the most fashionable

Cabinet Work, & Chairs.

of every kind, which they will sell as cheap for Cash or English and West-India Goods, as can be bought in this town or elsewhere.

They gratefully acknowledge past favours, and solicit a continuance. All orders will be punctually attended to.

OCTOBER 29.

Partnership Dissolved.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Copartnership of THOMAS & TAPPAN, Booksellers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent: All persons having demands against said firm, are requested to exhibit them for settlement; and those who are indebted, to make immediate payment to CHARLES TAPPAN.

ISAIAH THOMAS, jun.
CHARLES TAPPAN.

Portsmouth, Oct. 27, 1808.

CHARLES TAPPAN, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of THOMAS and TAPPAN, respectfully informs the public, that he shall continue the business on the most liberal terms.

Public and Private Libraries furnished with every publication of merit, on short notice.
Nov. 5, 1808.

Travels in Spain.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of CHARLES TAPPAN, No. 1, Sheafe's Buildings, Market-Street,

TRAVELS through Spain and part of Portugal; with Commercial, Statistical and Geographical Details—illustrated with a modern MAP of those countries.

ALSO JUST RECEIVED,

Boylston Prize Questions, for the years 1806 and 1807; being the dissertations to which the Boylston Prize Medals were adjudged.

ALSO, The History of MIRANDA's attempt to effect a revolution in South America; by a gentleman who was an Officer under that General.

ALMANACKS of different kinds, by the gross, dozen or single, for 1809.

SLATES, very low charged;
PAPER, QUILLS, &c. &c.

Kimber's Arithmetic, price 25 cents bound in leather.

Village Harmony, 9th Edition, with many new tunes—by the dozen or single.

Portsmouth, Nov. 5.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post-Office at York,
October 4, 1808.

James Connor.	John Chapman, 2.
Margaret S. Clark.	Nathan Haste.
Peter Littlefield.	Joseph Main.
Isaac Parker, Esq.	Daniel Sweet.
Rufus Simpson.	

NATHANIEL SARGENT, P. M.

ALMANACK.

SEWALL's Almanack for sale at this Office, for the year
1809.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage. To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements. All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

